

WY
4
Certayne Psalmes se-
lect out of the Psal-
ter of Dauid, and dra-
wen into Englyshe
Metre, wyth Notes
to euery Psalm in
iiij. parts to Synge, by
F. S.

Printed at London
by vvylliam Seres, at the
the sygne of the Hedge
Hogge.

1553.



To the ryght honorable,
lorde Russell, your lordeshypps
humble orator, Francys Seagar,
whysbeth the fauoure of God,
increase of honoure, longe
lyfe, and prosperous
health of bodye
and soule.

When I had these psalms finished
And into Metre brought:
To whom I myght, the dedicate
I straght then me bethought.

Amongst all other, youre good lordeshyp
Came then into my mynde:
As one that in, a greate number
I coulde not meter fynde.

To whom I myght, them dedycate
And it gyue and present:
Trusting that your, lordshyp therwyth
wyl not be dyscontent.

And partely knowing, your good lordshyp
In such thinges to delpte:
As vertuous songes, and ghostly psalms
As here we shall recyte.

The Epistle.

Although good Lord, I am not worthy
For my degree and state:
Unto the hands, of your lordeshyppe
These for to dedycate.

Yet for as much, as they were sure
The doinges, of a Kynge:
Dauid the same, whom god doth name
A man bys harte lykinge.

The fame y on, your lordeshyppe huyts
Dyd much incorage me:
Which fame to tell, dyd feare expell
And boulder made me be.

Here for to stande, in praylinge your
Good lordeshyppe to your face:
It myght seame rather, flatterye
Waying the tyme and place.

Which prayse I thought, here best to sower
Wyth the vele of sylence:
Then it to bitter, now out of tyme
In your lordeshypps presence.

But yf your lordeshyppe, shall it accept
And take them in good parte:
I shall thinke, it rewarde ynoughe
For my payne and desarte.

The Epistle.

And yf it woulde, your lordeshyp please
wth the terte them conferre:
You shoulde therby, then soone perceaue
From it yf that I erre.

But where the text, in some places
was doubtfull and obscure:
I haue sought helpe, of learned books
Because I woulde be sure.

I wyll no lenger, your lordeshype lette
From readinge of the same:
wth here is done, to Gods honour
And the prayse of hys name.

Beseching God, your lordeshyppe kepe
And in honour increace:
wth the good lady, your verteous wyfe
Longe here to lyue in peace.

Your lordeshyps humble orator
Francys Seager.

The troubled mynde, at the Lords hande
Dothe seake to haue relese:
Callinge to him, hys ayde to sende
Shevvinge hys payne and grese.

Psalm lxxxviii.

Domine deus salutis mee.

A.iii.

Mean

Psalmes of Dauid



O Lorde vpon, whose holy will



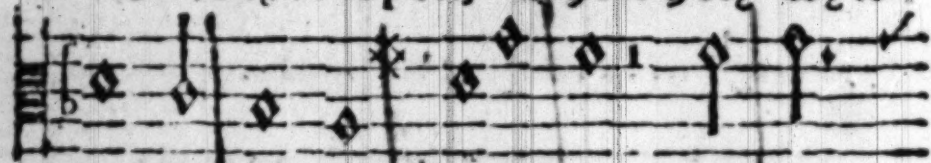
Dependeth my welfare: To call



vpon, thy blessed name Since daye



O Lorde vpon, whose holy will



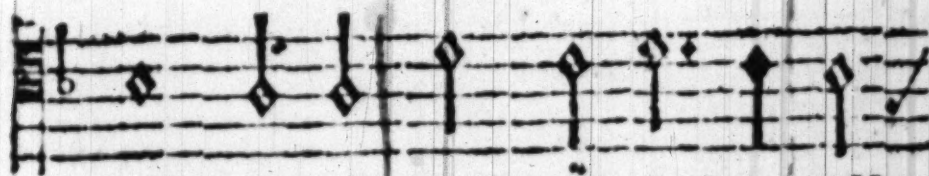
Dependeth my welfare: To call



vpon, thy blessed name Since daye

Alto

In Mettre.



Tenore

D Lorde vpon, whose holy wyll



Dependeth my welfare: To call



vpon, thy blessed name Sence daye



D Lorde vpon, whose holy wyll



Dependeth my welfare: To call



vpon, thy blessed name: Sence daye

Basso

Psalmes of Dauid



no2 nyght I spare.



no2 nyght I spare.

Graunte that thy iuste, & ryght request
Of my repentaunt mynde:
So perce thyne cares, that in thy syght
Some fauoure it maye synde.

My soule (o Lorde, is fraughted full
wyth greife of folyes past:
My restless body, doth consume
And death appoacheth fast.

Lyke vnto those, whose fatall thred
Thyne hand hath cut in twayne:
Of whom there is no farther bryte
But in theyr graues remayne.

Lorde in thy wrath, thou hast me cast
Into the pyt of payne:
Wherin I mourne, and playne my wo
That I byde and sustayne.

In Mettre.



noꝛ nyght I spare.



noꝛ nyght I spare.

The burden of, thy wꝛath and yꝛe
Doth me so soꝛe oppꝛesse:
And sondꝛy stꝛomes, thou hast me sent
Of terroure and dylstresse.

The faythfull frendes, are from me fled
And banysht from my syght:
And such as I, haue held full deare
Each set my frendeshyp lyght.

My durance doth, now styll perswade
Of freedom such dyspayꝛe:
That by the teares, that payne my harte
Myne eye syght doth appayꝛe.

Yet dyd I neuer, cease noꝛ slake
Thyne ayde foꝛ to desyre:
Wyth humble harte, and stretched hands
Foꝛ to appease thyne yꝛe.

Psalmes of Dauid

Wherfore dost thou, o Lorde forbear
In the defence of thine:
To shew such tokens, of thy powre
In syght of Adams lyne.

Wherby eche saynte, and feble harte
Wyth faythe maye be so fed:
That in the mouth, of thine elect
Thy mercyes myght be spred.

The fleshe in earth, that feedeth wormes
Can not thy loue declare:
Nor such set forth, thy sayth as dwell
In the lande of dispaire.

Thy name no prayse, can haue at all
Euen by the mouthe of those:
Whom death hath shut, in silence so
As they maye not dysclose.

The lyuely voyce, euen of them all
That in thys worlde delyght:
Nor by the trumpe, that must resound
The glozy of thy myght.

Wherfore I wyll, not cease at all
In chese of my dystresse:
To call on thee, tyll that the slepe
My wery bones oppresse.

In Mettre.

And in the moorne, early betyme
When that the slepe is fledde:
Wyth fouds of salte, repentant teares
To washe my restles bedde.

Wyth in thys mynde, so full of care
Burnded wyth payne and grefe:
Why dost thou Lorde, appease the thing
That should be my relese.

My wretched state, beholde and se
Whom death shall strayght assaile:
Cast not from thee, chastyted styll
That naught els doth but wayle.

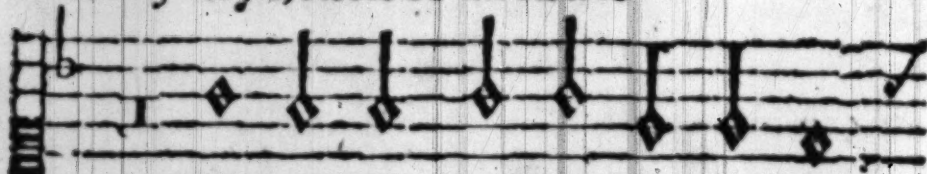
The feare so greate, lo of thyne yre
Hath trode me vnder fete:
The scourges of, thyne angry hand
Hath made death seme full swete.

Lyke as the rozyng, waues of seas
The sonken shyppe surrounde:
Great heapes of care, byd follow me
And I no succoure founde.

For they whome no, kynde of myschaunce
Could from my loue deuyde:
Are forced to, my greater grefe
From me they face to hyde.

Psalmes of Dauid

Beholde and see, the greate goodnes
Of god vvho doth sustayne:
The myserye, euen of all suchie



In the (O Lorde) haue I trusted



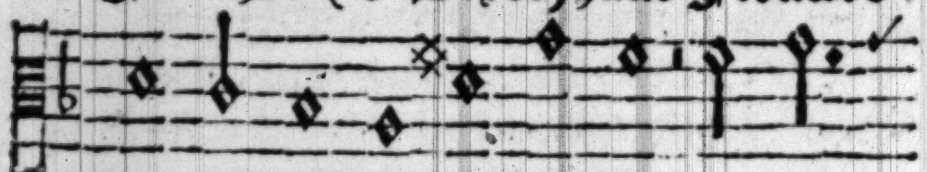
Let me not fele the blame: At a



ny tyme, I thee beseeche Of dys



In thee (O Lorde) haue I trusted



Let me not fele the blame: At a



ny tyme, I thee beseeche Of dys

10
In Mettre,

As be in grieve and payne.

Psalme. xxxi.

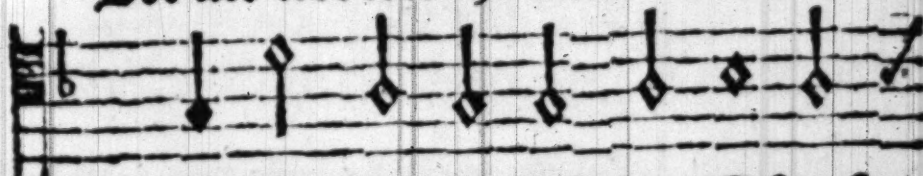
In te domine speravi.



In thee (O Lorde) haue I trusted



Let me not fele the blame: At a



ny tyme, I thee beseeche O dyl



In thee (O Lorde,) haue I trusted



Let me not fele the blame: At a



ny tyme, I thee beseeche O dyl

Psalmes of Dauid



apoynted shame.



apoynted shame.

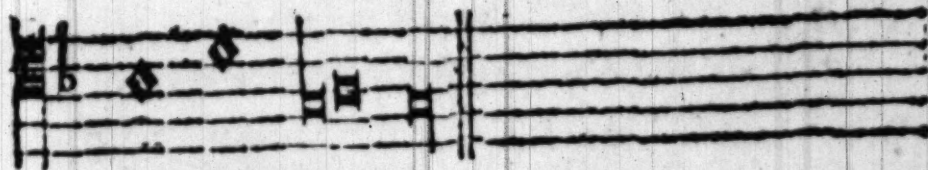
But me defende, preserve and kepe
Deliver as I trust:
Now through thy might, without & which
There maye no man be iust.

Give care o Lord, and ryd me soone
My fortreffe before me:
In whose defence, thou shalt me save
If I defended be.

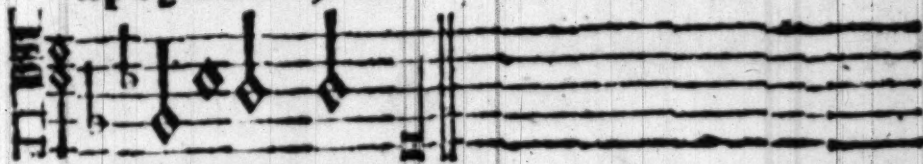
For thou art wote, alwayes to be
My holde and my succoure:
And for thy name, then be thou both
My guyde and comfortoure.

Thou shalt untangle, and me vnloose
From snares that they haue layde:
To take me with, for without thee
My selfe I can not abyde,

In Mettre:



apoynted shame.



apoynted shame.

Into thy helpe, and hand I wyl
Betake my simple spyrte:
Thou hast and shalt, delyuer me
Most iuste in thy behyght.

I haue not one, of them alowed
That sets theyr endes in bayne:
Myne only hope, both all and some
In the doth sure remaine.

Let me therfoze, (oh Lord) inioye
Thy mercyes oft assayde:
My troubles for, thou dydst regarde
Wherin my lyfe was stayde.

Thou hast not suffered, me at all
Wyth enemies powre be paynde:
But rather hast, thou set at large
My stepps that were restraynde.

Psalmes of Dauid

Oh Lorde on me, now pytty take
At hand my daunger loo:
Myne eyes my lyfe, and eke my fleshe
Alas doth frette for woo.

Mosse of my dayes, and yeares I saye
In troubles waffed arre:
My strength decayeth, my bones do quayle
Such myschefe me doth marre.

The feare and dzed, of many foes
Hath made my frendes to swarue:
And they to hate me, wyth out cause
Of whome I good desarue.

I am dyspyld, and cleane forgot
As dede in death doth starue:
As broken pots, whose shards I saye
For nothinge more can sarue.

I hearde the people, taulke and saye
And threaten woo and kryfe:
As though it semde, by one consent
I were not worthy lyfe.

But yet (oh Lorde) in thee I do
Set surely my believe:
And know thou art, what me befall
My God and whole reliefe.

In Metre.

My tyme it is, in thynne owne hands
Thou knowest what shall insue:
Delyuer me, from ennyes powre
Whych doth my lyfe pursue.

Shew yet thy frendly, countynaunce
Vnto thy symple slaue:
According to, thy natyue ruth
Thou me defend and saue.

Let it not be, imputed lorde
For a mock vnto me:
That in my nede, my ayde and helpe
I seake onely at thee.

The wycked haue, the mocks & scoorns
And holde theyr peace in hell:
But buried maye, they all be now
Of farther helpe that tell.

And let theyr mouths, be sealed vp
That vse theyr lippes to lyes:
Speakinge flanders, of the iuste man
Wyth proude dysdaynfull cryes.

What welch and what, abundant store
Haste thou layde vp for those:
That honour thee, that hope in thee
For whome thou doste dysclose.

W. l.

Quett

Psalmes of Dauid

Even manyfess, afoze oure eyes
Full many a noble dede:
That Adams lyne, maye wondze much
And learne thee soz to dede.

Thou dost bestowe, them wondrous well
Afoze thyne eyes and face:
Whiche is debarde, from wycked men
They maye not haue that grace.

For thou dost them, defende and saue
From thzeates of myghty poure:
From benym tounge, thou dost the hyde
Wythin thy pleasaunt boure.

Lozde of thy greace, goodnes haue I
At thy hand fauoure founde:
Thy worke in my, defence is as
A ctye walled rounde.

I haue me thought, often ere thys
Farre cast out of thy syght:
But yet even then, thou hardst my voyce
And prayer daye and nyght.

Loue ye therfoze, the lyuinge Lozde
Thys goodnes whych do taste:
For he the symple, doth defende
Rewards the proude as faste.

In Meter.

**Be of good cheare, all ye therfore
That hope of God good turne:
For he wyll strengthen, styll youre hartes
That trust in hys returne.**

**Dauid afore, the face of God
Doth here hys synnes confesse:
Vpon vyhose ayde, hys hope is stayed
Vwhen troubles him oppresse.**

Miserere mei Deus.

Psalme. Li.

B. ij.

D. Forde

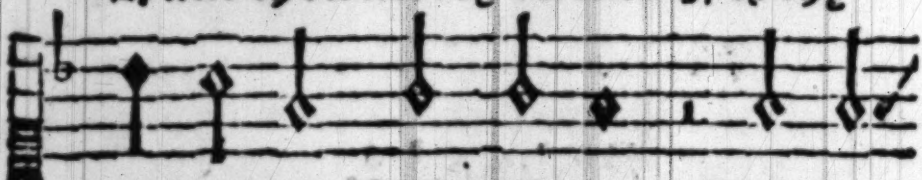
Psalmes of Dauid



O Lorde for thy, great mercyes sake



Haue thou mercy on me: for thy



goodnes, do cleane away My great



O Lorde for thy, great mercyes sake



Haue thou mercye on me: for thy

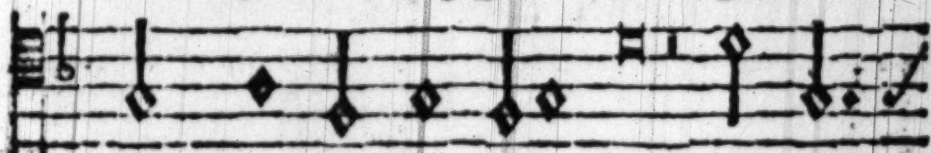


goodnes, do cleane awaye My great

In Metre,



O Lorde for thy great mercyes sake



Haue thou mercy on me: for thy



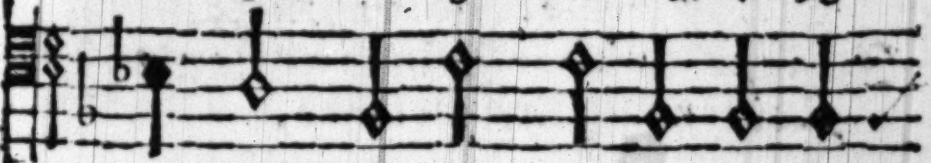
goodnes, do cleane awaye My great



O Lorde for thy, great mercyes sake

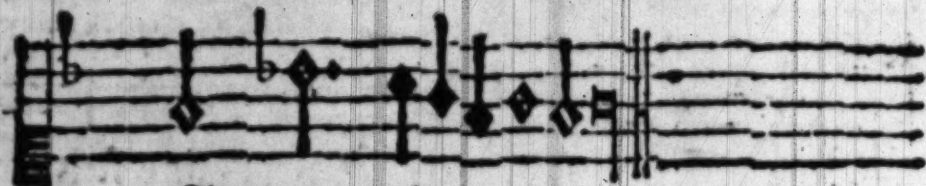


Haue thou mercy on me: for thy



goodnes, do cleane awaye My great

Psalmes of Dauid



Im pu ri tie.



Im pu ri tie.

My mysdeades Lord, put quyte awaye
And estones make me cleane;
From synne, and all iniquyte
Thee for to serue agayne.

For I acknowledge, and confesse
My faults done vnto thee:
And myne offence, is neuer from
The presence of myne eye,

To thee O Lorde, euen I to thee
Haue done thys sore offence:
In thys mysdede I shew my faute
Not fearing thy presence.

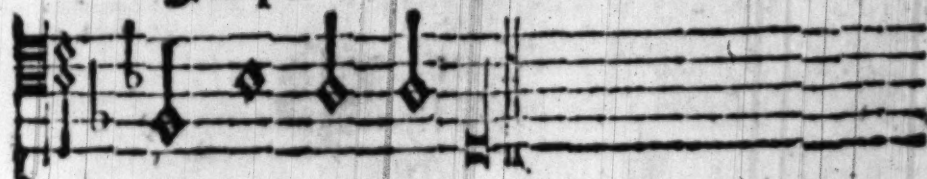
But yf thou wilt, bounchsafe O Lord
Of this me now to ease:
And gyue thy worde, now vnto me
I shall not thee dysplease.

Then

In Metre.



Impu ri tie.



Impu ri tie.

**Then shalt thou be, for it named
A God bothe iust and true:
Moste constant in, thy promysse
Not chaunginge them anew.**

**Pea then shalt thou, be reputed
And counted Iust in dede:
Condemnyng them, that wyl not turne
And call for helpe at nede.**

**All things to thee, is full well knowne
And nothinge from the hvd:
Euen howe of synne, I had no lack
When I was conceived.**

**For why? subiect, my mother was
Also to it made thrall:
and when that I, conceived was
By her I had my fall.**

W. iij.

Pea

Psalmes of Dauid

Yea Lord though that, it were not small
Whych by her then I had:
Yet in thy truth, is my delyte
Whych wysdome make me glad.

If thou (O Lord,) wylt me now clense
And purge me from my synne:
Whych I hope washt, I shall be cleane
A new lyfe to begynne.

If thou wilt put, now cleane awaye
My synne and me renewe:
Then shall I be, that was once black
As whyte as is the snewe.

When thou wyth ioye, shalt me indewe
And drawe to myzth agayne:
Then wyl my bones, be boyde of woo
Whych thou some tymes dydst payne.

Thy face good Lord, for thy name sake
Do turne from myne offence:
And for thy mercyes, great I craue
Preserue me now from thence.

O Lord make cleane, my harte I saye
That I in me reserue:
And that thy spiryte, within my brest
Alwaye maye me preserue,

16
In Metre.

For thy mercy, and greate goodnes
Forlake me not (oh Lord):
Ne take a waye, thy blessed spyrte
Lest that I be abhorde.

But rather graunte, thou vnto me
The comforte of thyne hande:
And wyth thy spyrte, as pryncypall
Defend me to wythstande.

If thou wylt graunte, this my request
Then synners shall I tell:
They? lyfe how that, they shall appoynte
In ioye wyth the to dwell.

And suche as then, be ouerthroune
And thall to synne be made:
They shall repent, and turne agayne
Be seinge of my trade.

Oh God the authoz, of my health
From murder make me fre:
Thy ryghteousnes, my mouth shall tell
And prayse it certaynye.

My tounge o Lord, do thou releace
Wherof thou hast the cure:
That then it may, declare abrode
Thy prayse and eke thy poure.

Is. b.

ps

Psalmes of Dauid

If that I should, my selfe apply
In presence for to bringe:
The outward sacrifice, oh Lord
It would please thee nothinge.

Ne yet wilt thou, ought it regarde
As though thou hadst respect:
The offering that, the heate doth purge
Wherby we to thee direct.

The sacrifice, pleasinge the Lord
And the oblation:
It is the spiryt, ryghte penitent
That maketh her great moone.

It is truly, the heart of trouthe
With doloure strycken sore:
Thou cast not Lord, dyspyle these twayne
No not for euermore.

To Syon Lord, alwayes declare
Thy grace and greete goodnes:
That the walles of, Ierusalem
Agayne may haue redresse.

The sacrifice, we then shal make
Shalbe pleasaunte to thee:
Wherby shal declare, as tokens trewe
Dure inward vurtue.

In Meter.

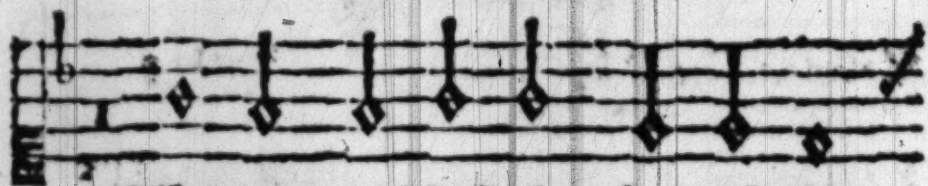
I meane here the, purged ostrynge
And eke oblation:
On altars when, we calues shall laye
Thy name to call vpon.

vve are here taught, to feare the Lorde
And not him to prouoke
Lest that vve fele, for our desertes
Hys plague and heavy stroke

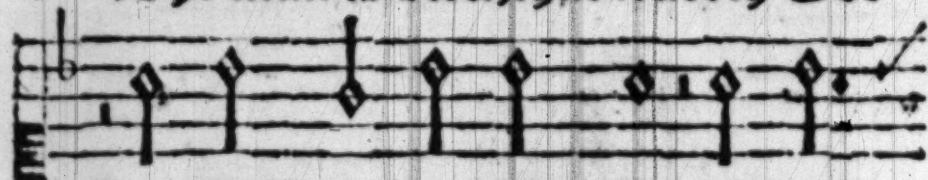
Psalmes. C.xii.

Beatus vir qui timet,

Psalmes of Dauid



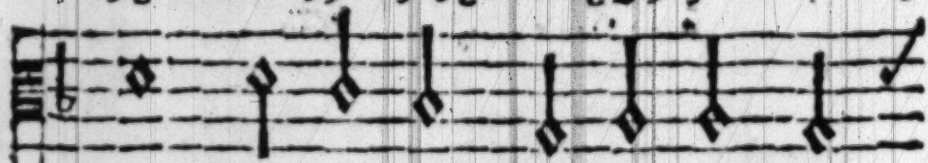
The man is bleſt, that feareth God



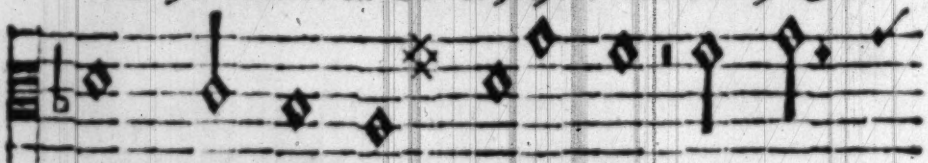
And walketh in hys waye: That in



hys lawe, hath hys delyght. And doth



The man is bleſt, that feareth God



And walketh in hys waye: That in



hys lawe, hath hys delyght And dothe

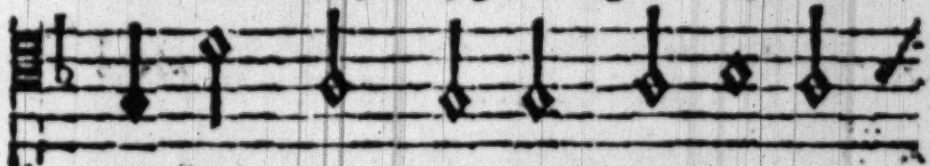
18
In Metre.



The man is bleſſ, that feareth God



And walketh in hys waye : That in



hys lawe, hath hys delyght And doth



The man is bleſſ, that feareth God



And walketh in hys waye : That in



hys lawe, hath hys delyght And doth

Psalmes of Dauid



hys wpll obaye.



hys wpll o baye.

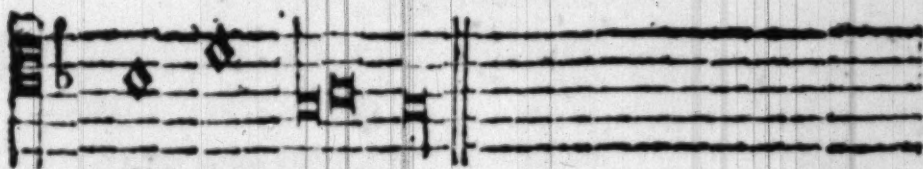
**Hys seade on earth, shall prosper well
And wondrously increase:
The faythfull flock, shall be blessed
Wyth euerlastinge peace.**

**Hys house wyth ryches, shall abounde
Wyth plenty and great store:
Hys ryghteousnes shall styl indure
And last for euermore.**

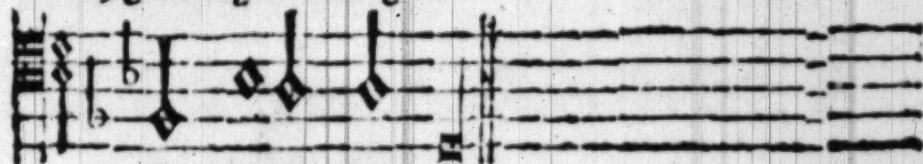
**Unto the man, that mercy sheweth
And walketh here aright:
From darknes great, shall then appeare
Unto hys eyes playne lyght.**

**O happy is, the mercyfull
That lendeth lybrallie:
And in hys words, is circumspect
And speaks aduysedlye.**

In Metre.



hys wpll obaye.



hys wpll obaye.

No thinge shall moue, noz him molett
Ne yet him greue oz payne:
The memory, of the ryghteous
Foz euer shall remayne.

No feare can make, him faynt at all
Noz no kynde of myschance:
Whose harte doth firmly, trust in God
In whom he hath affiance.

His harte so sure, is stablyshed
He wpll not shyinke at all:
Untyll he haue. his enmyes made
To hym subiecte and thzall.

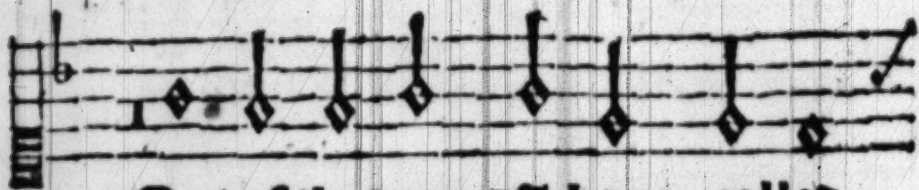
He hathe hys goods, abrode dyspart
And gyuen to the pooze:
Hys ryghteousnes, remayne it shall
And dure foz euermoze.

The

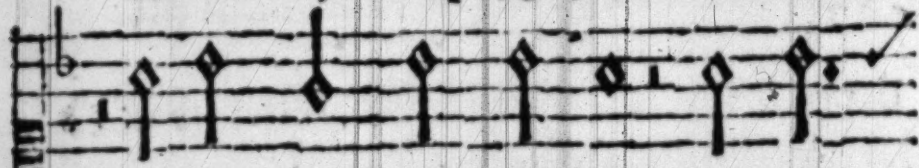
Psalmes of David

The wycked and the vngodlye
Shall it beholde and se:
And wyl conceaue dyspleasure then
And soze offended be.

They shall for it, gnashe with theyr teeth
And banyshe quyte awaye:
And all their desyre, and their wyl
Shall peryshe and decaye.



Out of the deape, I haue called



My grief (Oh Lord) shewyng: Lord hear



Out of the deape, I haue called



My grief (oh Lord) shewyng: Lord hear

In Metre,

To God for ayde, vve ought to call
In all aduersitie:
For he our prayers, vvyll accept
And helpe vs spedelye.

Psalme. C. XXX.

De profundis clamaui.



Out of the deape, I haue called



My grief (Oh Lord) the wyng: Lord hear



Out of the deape, I haue called



My grief (oh Lord) the wyng: Lord hear
A. l. the

Psalmes of Dauid



the voyce, of my request Geue eare



to my callynge.



the voyce, of my request Geue eare



to my callynge.

O let thyne eares, enclyned be
 To waye the words right wel:
 Of this my voyce, and my complaynte
 That I shew forth and tell.

If thou (O Lorde) wylte be extreme
 And deale with vs this waye:
 To marke what we, shall do amysse
 Abyde it Lorde who maye.

Yet mercy Lorde, there is with thee
 In suche abundant store:

In Metre.



the voyce, of my request Geue eare



to my callinge.



the voyce, of my request Geue eare



to my callinge.

For whiche thou shalt, be dzed and feard
Bothe now and euermore.

The Lords commynge, my soule abydes
And wayte wyll for it iust:
For in his lawe, is my delyte
And in his worde my trust.

My soule to the Lorde, takes his syght
Before the mornynge tyde:
From day to day, my soule I saye
For the Lorde doth abyde.

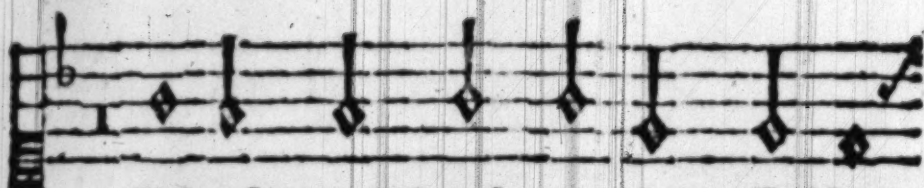
A.ii.

D

Psalmes of Dauid

O Israel, trust in the Lorde
Whiche whome there is mercy:
Whiche of redemption, hath suche store
As call we may plente.

For he the people, of Israel.
Whyll then redeme I saye:
From all the synnes, and wickednesse:
Of their deuyte and wape.



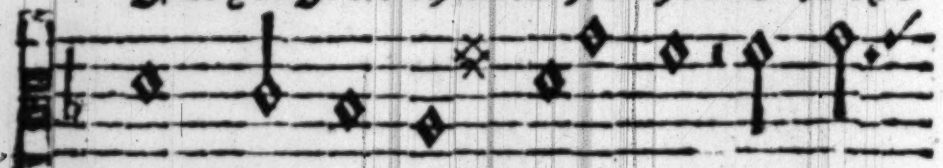
I wyl geue thanks, to thee O Lorde



With hearte & mynde alwayes: Before



I wyl geue thanks, to thee O Lorde



With heart & mynde alwayes: Before

In Metre.

The Lorde to prayse vve are stirred
And hym to magnifye:
vvhiche doth vwith grace, al such indevv
As trust in hys mercy.

Psalme. Cxxxviii.

Confitebor tibi.



I wpll geue thanks, to thee O Lord



wyth heart & mynde alwayes: Before



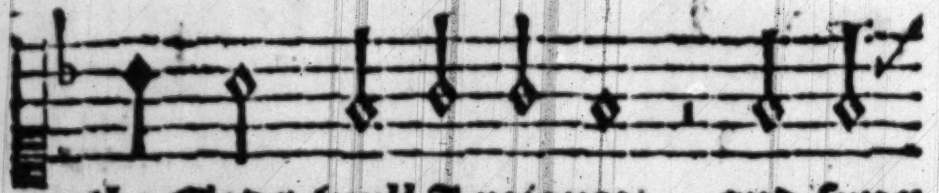
I wpll geue thanks, to thee O Lord



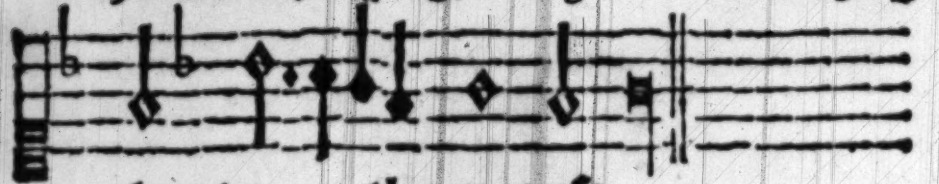
wyth heart & mynd alwayes: Before

A. iii.

Psalmes of Dauid



the Gods, wyl I reioyce and syng



vn to thy prayse.



the Gods, wyl I reioyce and syng



vnto thy prayse.

I wyl drawe neare, thyne holy place
Thy great goodnes recorde:
Thy name to prayse, and thee worshyp
For thy truthe sake, O Lorde.

When I dyd call, vpon thy name
My voyce thou hardst with speede:
And dydst sucker, sende to my soule
In the tyme of my nede.

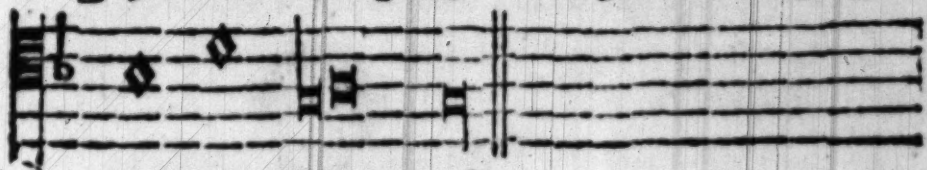
Thy name by thy, most glorious powre
Thou hast so magnified:

And

In Metre.



the Gods, wyll I reioyse And syng



vnto thy prayse.



the Gods, wyll I reioyce And syng



vnto thy prayse.

And thy most holy, and blessed woꝛde
Aboue all thynges extolled.

The Kyngs and rulers on the earthe
Shal thee honour and prayse:
For they the woꝛdes, of thine owne mouth
Haue hearde in all their dayes.

Yea they shall syng, and muche reioyce
And in thy wayes accorde:
That great is the glory and powꝛe
Of thee they? God and Lord.

¶ III.

The

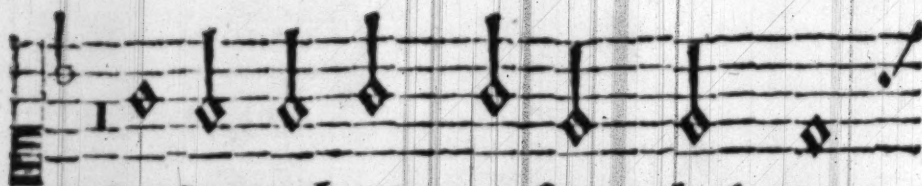
Psalmes of Dauid

The Lorde frō heauen, doth cast hys eyes
vpon the lowely sect:
As for the proude, he doth dyspyle
And them cleane out reiect.

Though sorowe and care, do me compas
And trouble me oppresse:
Yet shalt thou by, thy powre and myght
Me strayght agayne refresh.

Thou shalt stretch forth, thy hand on them
The furiousnes confounde:
Of myne enmyes, and thy ryght hande
Shall kepe me safe and sounde.

The Lorde hys promys, wyll performe
Of



Deliver Lorde, me from the waves



Deliver Lorde, me from the waves

24
In Metre.

Of hys greate goodnes sure:
Thy mercy Lorde, that is so greate
For euer doth indure.

Dyspyle not then, we the desyre
Nor do not Lorde forsake:
The workmanship, of thyne owne hands
For thou Lorde dydst vs make.

This Psalme the vvayes, of the vvycked
And the vngodly trayne:
Doth by theyre frutes iudge them to be
Most damnable and vayne.

Psalme. Cxl.

Eripe me.



Delyuer Lorde, me from the wayes



Delyuer Lorde, me from the wayes

Psalmes of Dauid



Of people here peruerter: And from



suche men, do me p̄serue As be



of wycked heart.



Of people here peruerter: And from



suche men, do me p̄serue As be



of wycked heart.

25
In Meter.



Of people here peruert : And from



suche men, do me pzeserue As be



of wycked heart.



Of people here peruert : And from



suche men, do me pzeserue As be



of wycked heart.

Psalmes of Dauid

Whych styll vpon, myschiefe do muse
And in theyr hartes imagen:
To styre by stryfe, and make debate
All daye playinge thys pagen.

Theyr tounge they whet, lyke to serpents
Theyr poplone out to poure:
Whych hydden is, vnder theyr lyppes
Lyke vnto the addoure.

From the hands of, the vngodlye
O Lorde do thou me saue:
Whose whole deuyte, is to confound
And my doinges depraue.

The proude thinking, for to preuaile
Theyr snares abrode do laye:
And set theyr net, me into get
To trap me in my waye.

Vnto the Lorde, I forthwyth spake
Sayinge my God thou art:
Lorde hear the voyce, of my request
And prayer of my harte.

O God my strength, and fortitude
That health to me dost sende:
In the daye of, my most daunger
Thou dydst me then defende.

D

In Metre.

O Lord let not, the vngodly
 Haue theyr desyre and wyll:
 Lest they wpth pryde, be puffed vp
 Because they prosper styll.

Let such myschiese, as they 'magen
 Theyr owne dystruccion be:
 As theyr owne lyps, shall then pronounce
 Seakynge to compas me.

Let flaming fyre, them strayght consume
 Wherin they byding payne:
 As in a pyt, from whence I saye
 Neuer to ryse agayne.

The man whose lyps, are ryse in taulke
 And can hys toung not gyde:
 Shall not inioye, the earth no space
 Theron for to abyde.

Myschiese shal moue, the wycked man
 Him to molest and noye:
 And to pursue, vntyll such tyme
 He shall hym cleane dystroye.

The Lord doutles, the poore mans wrong
 Reuenge wyll and redresse:
 The cause of such, mayntayne he wyll
 As here shall be helpes.

The

Psalmes of Dauid

The ryghteous shall, therat reioyce
Prayling thyne holy name:
The iust wyth ioye, contynew shall
In thy syght wythout blame.

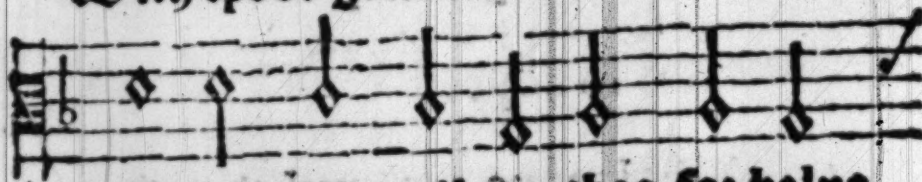
To God he cals, him to assyst
And hys grace to him sende:



O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe



With spede geue eare to me: The voyce



O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe



With spede geue eare to me: The voyce

In Metre:

**Hys harte to direct, in hys vvayes
And from eucl him defende.**

Psalme C.xli.

Domine clamaui.



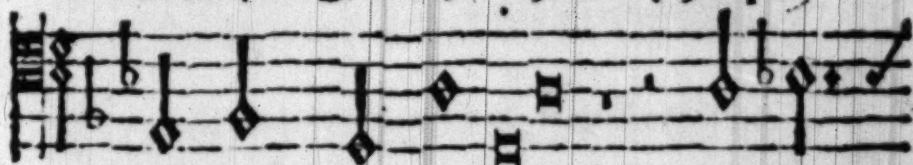
O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe



Wyth speede geue eare to me: The voyce



O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe



Wyth speede geue eare to me: The voyce

Psalmes of Dauid



consydre, of my request when I



crye vnto thee.



consydre, of my request when I



crye vnto thee.

Let thys my prayer, be acceptable
As incence in thy syght:
Let the lystynge, bp of my hands
Be sacrifice for nyght.

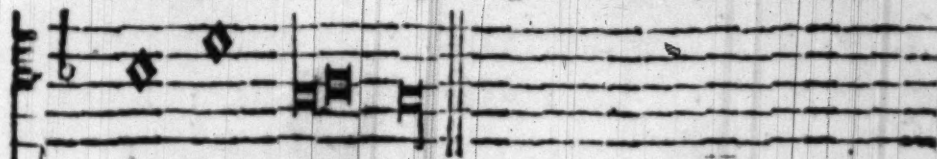
So gyde my lyps, and rule my mouthe
O Lorde prepare a watche:
To kepe my tounge, from that speakyng
Wherby I may harne catch.

My

In Metre,



consydre, of my request when I



crye vnto thee.



consydre, of my request when I



crye vnto thee.

My harte to gouerne, I thee beseeche
And eke so gyde and rule:
That it be not, inclyned to
The thinge wycked and euil.

Let me, the fellowshippe forsake
Of the vngodly sect:
Lest that I taste, and such thinges do
As they shall well accept.

D. I.

Such

Psalmes of Dauid

Let me rather, the ryghteous scourge
Abyde and eke sustayne:
Frendlye to chasten, and me reproue
My folly to refrayne.

Let not they? swete, & pleasaunt talke
Nor yet they? flattring stile:
In me take place, for whych I praye
Lest they should me begyle.

Let they? iudges, be put to foyle
Wyth stones them ouerthrowe:
That they my words, whiche are so swete
Maye then heare and them knowe.

Dure bones in pyts, lye dyspersed
The graues do them retayne:
As when we woode, on the earth heale
A memozy wyll remayne.

Myne eyes O Lorde, do the beholde
And haue to thee respect:
In thee is my, whole hope and trust
My soule do not reiect.

From the deuyce, and wply snares
O Lorde delpyer me:
Of such as waulke, in wycked wayes
Worckinge iniquyte.

Such

In Metre.

Such as shall seake, vs to betraye
And laye for vs a snare:
Let them be taken, in the same
For vs they dyd prepare.

Dauid to God, makes here request
And opens thys hys mynde
Hys troubles all dysclosynge playne
And douts not helpe to fynde

Psalme CXlii.

Voce mea ad dominum.

3

D.ii.

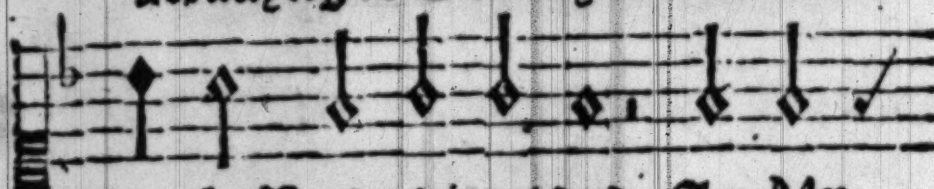
Psalmes of Dauid



My voyce & prayer, I dyd shew forth



Makyng to God my mone: Euen



to the Lorde, direct dyd I My



My voyce & prayer, I dyd shew forth



Makyng to God my mone: Euen



to the Lorde, direct dyd I My
sup,

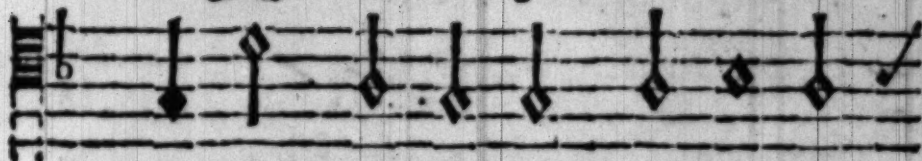
In Metre.



My voyce & prayer, I dyd shew forth



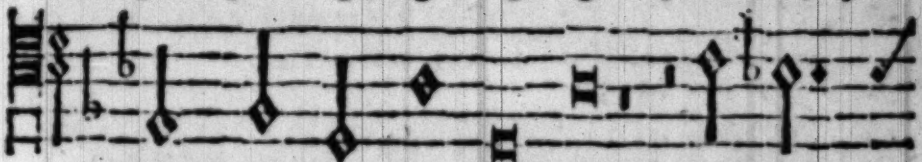
Makyng to God my mone: Euen



to the Lorde, direct dyd I My



My voyce & prayer, I dyd shew forth



Makyng to God my mone: Euen



to the Lorde, direct dyd I My
D.iii. sup.

Psalmes of Dauid



suppli ca cion.



sup pli ca cion.

I dyd powze out, my grefe and playnte
Before hys glorious face :
And my whole trouble, I disclosed
To hys most deuyne grace.

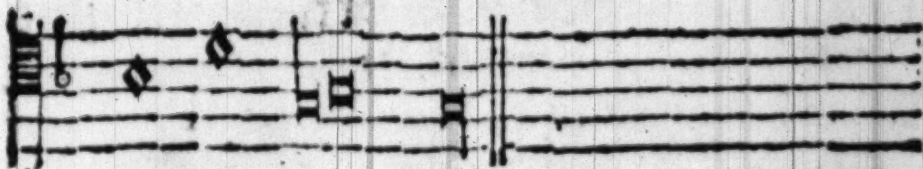
When payne my spyryt, dyd sore oppresse
My wayes to thee were knowne :
In which myne enmyes, layde the waye
Me to haue ouerthrowne.

I cast myne eyes, on the ryght hande
A beu and syght to take
Not one ther was, that woulde me know
They all dyd me forsake

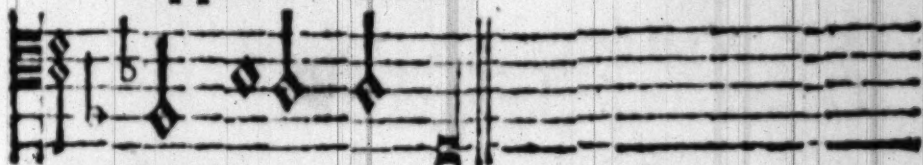
No place of refuge, no: succour
Unto had I to flye:
As for my soule, not one ther was
That would it then ppyt.

Unto

In Metre.



suppli ca tion.



supplica tion.

Unto the Lorde, I spake and sayde
 My voyce to him lyftinge:
 Thou art my hope, and porcyon eke
 In the lande of lyuyng.

Wawe and consyder, well therfore
 Thys my complaynt and crye:
 For very lowe, I am now brought
 Sustaynyng myserye.

Delvuer Lorde, me from the hands
 Of such as me pursue:
 Whose myght & strength, is now so great
 As wyll me cleane subdue.

My soule out of prysone delvuer
 Release O Lorde the same:
 That I maye give, & render thanks
 Unto thyne holy name.

D.iii.

whych

Psalmes of Dauid

Which thyng **O** Lord, yf thou performe
And graunte vnto me:
All the righteous, then resort wyl
Vnto my company.

Dauid of hys sonne, afflicted
Doth vnto the Lorde crye

from



O Lorde gyue eare, to my request



Consydere my desyre: for thy



O Lorde gyue eare, to my request



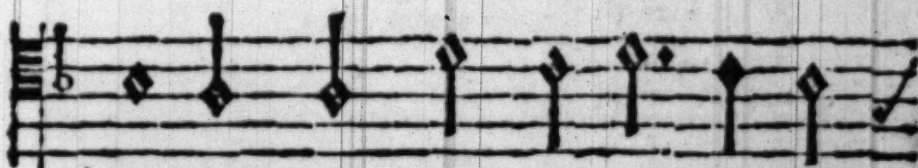
Consydere my desyre: for thy
trueth

In Metre.

From his hands to, be delyuerd
And from hys tyrannye.

Psalme.C.xlii.

Domine exauce.



¶ Lozde gyue eare, to my request



¶ Conſyde my deſyre: For thy



¶ Lozde gyue eare, to my request



¶ Conſyde my deſyre: For thy

D.v.

truth

Psalmes of Dauid



truth, & ryghtousnes sake Heare me



I thee requyre.



truth, & ryghtousnes sake Heare me



I thee requyre.

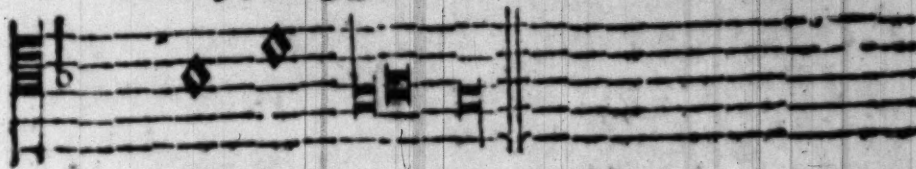
And wyth thy seruaunt, entre not
In iudgement for the praye:
In thy syght no, luyng man shall
Be iustified I saye.

The enemye doth, me still molest
My soule he hath pursued:
Prostrate on earth, he hath me layde
And my lyfe cleane subdued.

In Meter.



truth, & ryghtousnes sake Heare me



I thee requyre.



truthe, & ryghtousnes sake Heare me



I thee require.

He hath me throwne, in great darknes
And caste me in a caue:
Lyke vnto those that are hence gone.
And lye in pyt or graue.

My spyrite in me is sore bered
Abydng payne and griefe:
My harte in me, is desolate
Wth anyng helpe and reliefe.

Psalmes of Dauid

I call to mynde, the tyme hence passe
Vpon thy works I muse:
In suche as thyne, owne hands haue
My selfe in dayly vse. (wrought)

My hands I do, lyfte vp to thee
My soule doth for helpe craue
As the grounde thirstynge, for moysture
Desyres water to haue.

With spede (O Lord) geue eare to me
My spirite it wareth faynte:
From me, O Lord, hyde not thy face
But heare this my complaynte.

Lest that I be, to suche comparde
And lykend to for it:
As are from hence, downe descended
To the infernall pyt.

O Lord beholde, that art my trust
The state wher in I stande:
Early in the, mornynge wyl I
Looke for helpe at thy hande.

My soule O Lord, I do lyft vp
And directe vnto the:
The waye wherin, that I shall walke
Shewe thou Lord vnto me.

From

In Metre.

From the hands, of myne enemyes
 O Lorde do me defende:
 For vnto thee, do I now aspe
 Helpe Lorde vnto me sende.

The thinge to do, that shal thee please
 O God do me instruct:
 Thy luyng spzite, me to the lande
 Of righteousnes conduct.

For thy name, and righteousnes sake
 O Lorde reuyue my spzite:
 My soule from all, aduersytie
 Ryd and delouer quyte.

Distroye thou Lorde, myne enemyes
 That are to mischief prest:
 The soule of me, thy pooze seruaunte,
 They shyll be and molest.

Out of the mouth, of vicked men
 Doth vickednes procede:
 Theyr due revuarde they shal receaue
 Accordyng to theyr dede.

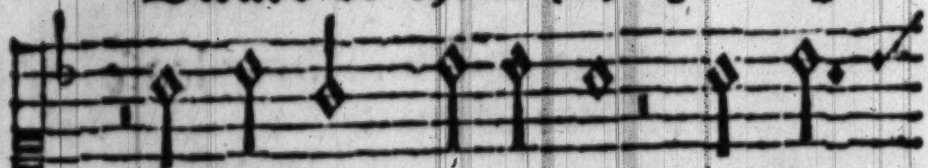
Psalme. C.xliij.

Benedictus dominus.

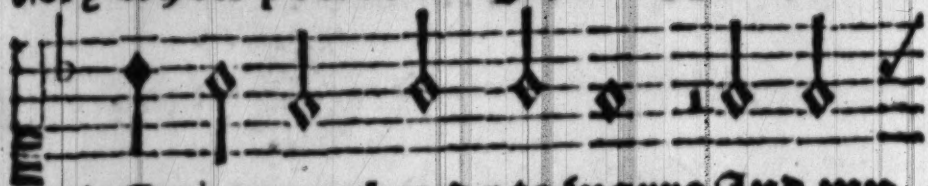
Psalmes of Dauid



Blessed be the Lord, my refuge



My whole powre strength & myght: y doe



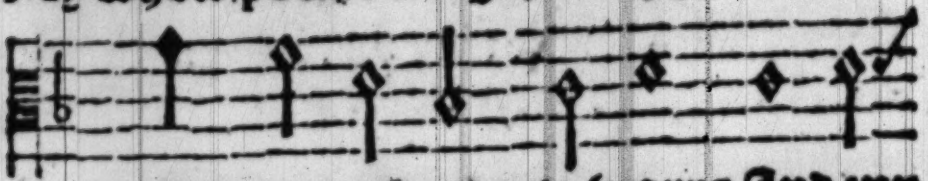
instructe, my hands to warre And my



Blessed be the Lord, my refuge

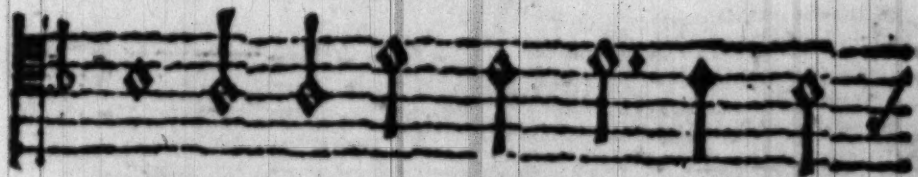


My whole powre strength & myght y doe

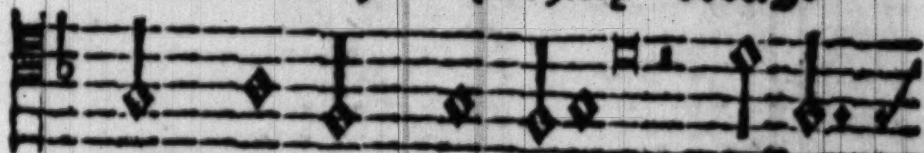


instruct, my hands to warre And my
Bless

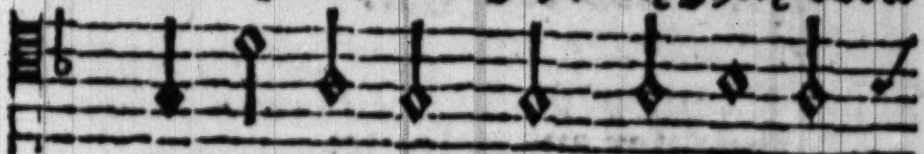
In Metre.



Blessed be the Lorde, my refuge



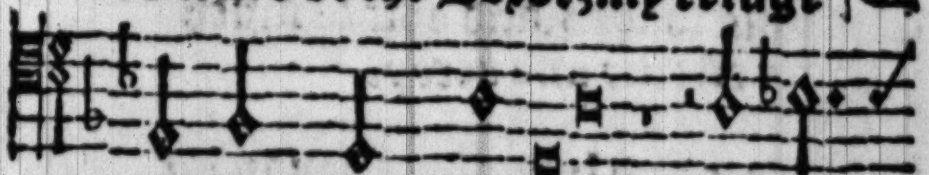
My whole powre strength & myght: y doest



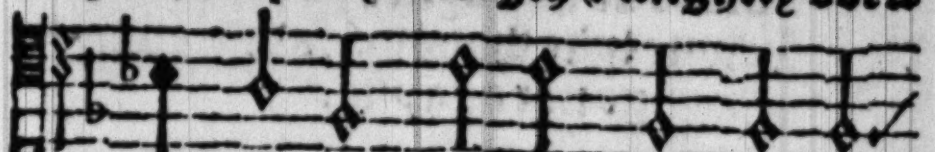
instruct, my hands to warre And my



Blessed be the Lorde, my refuge |



My whole powre strength & might: y doest



instruct, my hands to warre And my
spn

Psalmes of Dauid



syn gers to fight.



syn gers to fyght.

That art my hope, and fortitude
My buckler and defence:
Subduinge people, vnder me
My trust and confidence

O Lorde, what is man in thy syghte
That thou takst such respecte:
Vnto his wayes, and dost so much
By my esteeme and accept.

The state and lyfe, of man may we
Repute to be as vayne:
Whose tyme lyke shadowe fades away
Renewynge not agayne.

Bole downe thyne heauen, from thence
To such as thee prouoke: discende
The mountains touch, wherby thy powre
Shal forthwith make them smoke.

Alle

In Metre.



syngers to syght.



syngers to syght.

Caste forth thy lyghtnyng, them to feare
In thy great wraath and fume:
Out of thy bowe, thyne arowes shote
Therby them to consume.

Lord fro above, thy hande downe stretch
Thy helpe to me now sende:
From the daunger, of the wycked
By thy powze me defende.

Whose mouth doth sprake, all vanitie
No truth is founde therein:
Their ryght hande is, an instrument
To conmyt greuous synne.

I wyl syng unto thee, O God
Alpon the lute alwayes:
A newe songe soundinge, on ten stryngs
Thy name to laude and prayse.

G.i. That

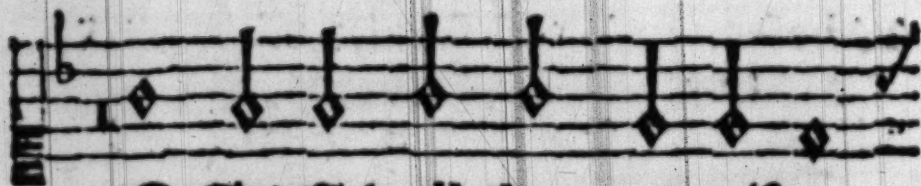
Psalmes of Dauid

That vnto the, kynges on earth
Dost gyue the vyctorye:
Thy seruant Dauid, hast saued
From all his ioberdye.

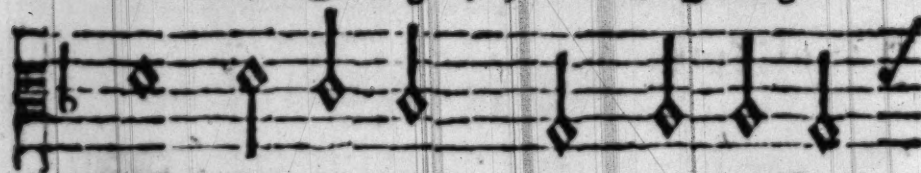
From the powre, of the vngodly
O Lorde deliuer me:
Whose hands to do, mischief are prest
Their lypps talke vanyte.

Graunte that our sons, may grow and
As younge plants on y^e ground: (crease
Dure doughters to, be pure and cleane
Wyth verteous to abounde.

That our garnars, of corne may be
replenysht with greate store:
Our shepe and cattayle, to increase
In numbze moze and moze.



O God, I wyll, thee magnifye



O God I wyll, the magnifye



In Metre.

That scarshes do, them not oppresse
 The ore for labour stronge:
 No cause to vse, in iymptoms
 No complaynyng of wronge.

Happy maye we, all suche repute
 And iudge them of that sorte:
 To be blessed, that haue the Lorde
 For they? God and comforte.

Hovve iuste the Lorde, is of hys vvorde
 This psalme doth here recyte:
 His goodnes greate, and mercye bothe
 His glory and hys myght.

Psalme. C. xlvj.

Exaltabo te deus.



O God I wyll, thee magnifye



O God I. wyll, thee magnifye

B. ii. My

Psalmes of Dauid



My Lorde and Kpng always: for e



uermore, I wyll thy name Honour



laude & eke prayse.



My Lorde & Kpng always: for e



uermore, I wyll thy name Honour



laude and eke prayse.

In Metre.



My Lorde & Kyng always: for e,



uermore, I wyll thy name Honour



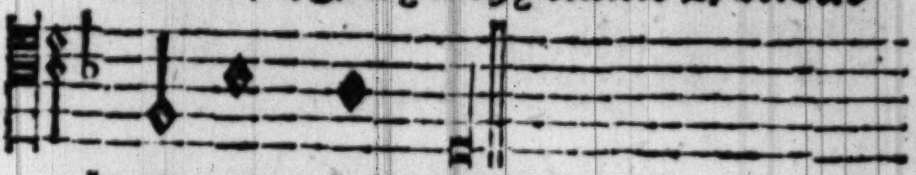
laude and eke prayse.



My Lorde & Kyng always: for e,



uermore, I wyll thy name Honour



laude and eke prayse.

E. iij.

Eche

Psalmes of Dauid

Each daye by daye, I wyll geue thanks
Vnto thy maiesty:
And thy name prayse, for euermore
Lord for thy great mercy.

Thy myght O Lord, is maruelous
And worthy of much prayse:
Thy powre O Lord, is infinite
And dure it wyll alwayes.

One generacion, vnto an other
Shall thus saye and recorde:
Praysinge thy works, & shewe thereby
The powre of thee, their Lord.

And as for me, I wyll not cease
But tell of thy glorie:
Of thy worthyp, and wonderous works
Thee for to magnifye.

All men shall speake, of thy great powre
And thy maruelous actes:
I wyll shewe forth, and tel abrode
Of all thy noble factes.

A memory, of thy mercy
I wyll shewe and expresse:
So that men shall, vnto thee syng
Of thy righteousnes.

The

In Metre.

The Lords goodnes, is wondrous great
Whose grace is most plente:
Longe sufferynge, our wickednes
And abounds with mercy.

The Lorde our God full louyng is
Unto eche creature:
ouer his woꝝks, his mercy is
And wylle euer indure.

All thy woꝝks of, wondze O Lorde
Thee prayse and magnifye:
And al thy saints, do render thanks
Unto thy maiestie.

The gloꝝy great, of thy kyngdome
They do shewe and expresse:
And all their taulke, is foꝛ to tell
Of thy powre and goodnesse.

That thereby thy, gloꝝy and powre
Maye foꝛth abrode be blowen:
And the greatnes, of thy kyngdome
Myght to all men be known.

Thy kyngdome is, everlastynge
Foꝛ euer to remayne:
And dure shal thy, dominion
In all ages to rayne.

℞. iij.

The

Psalmes of Dauid

The Lorde forgetteth, not the state
Of those that go astraye:
But rayseth vp, suche as are downe
To brynge them to his waye.

The eyes here of, all luyngge thyngs
On thee O Lorde attende:
And thou their meate, in due season
Dost then vnto them sende.

Thy greate goodnes, thou dost extende
When thy hande thou opnest:
Erbe thyngge luyngge, with plenteousnes
With thy blessinge thou fyllest.

The Lord our God, in all his wayes
Is iuste and righteous bothe;
And holy is, in all his works
The witnes of his trothe:

Suche as vpon, the Lord do call
Shewynge therz payne and grieve:
He dothe pitty, their myserye
And ease them wyth reliefe.

The Lorde the desyre, wyl fullfyll
Of suche as do hym feare:
At nede he shal, ayde to them sende
And wyl their prayer heare.

Th

In Metre.

The Lord wyl sure, defende all suche
As do hym feare and loue:
But the wycked, he wyl dysparse,
And their doynges reproue.

My mouth O Lord, for euer more
Shall speake vnto thy prayse:
All creatures to, thyn holy name
Shall render thanks alwayes.

To put oure truste, onely in God
vve are here playnly taught:
And hym to prayse, for all his vvorks
That heauen and earth hath vvrought.

Psalme. Cxlvj.

Lauda Anima mea.

E. b.

The

Psalmes of Dauid



The Lorde to prayse, and magnifye



My soule se thou accorde: Durynge



the tyme, I here abyde I wyl



The Lorde to prayse, and magnifye



My soule se thou accorde: Durynge



the tyme, I here abyde I wyl

41
In Meter.



The Lorde to prayse, and magnifye



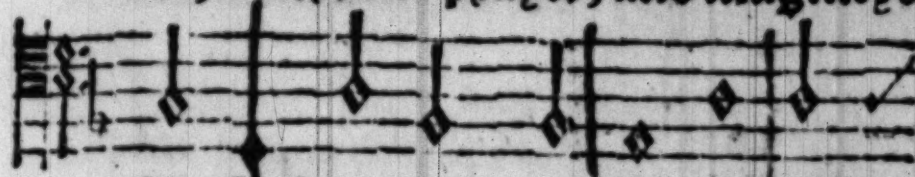
My soule se thou accorde: During



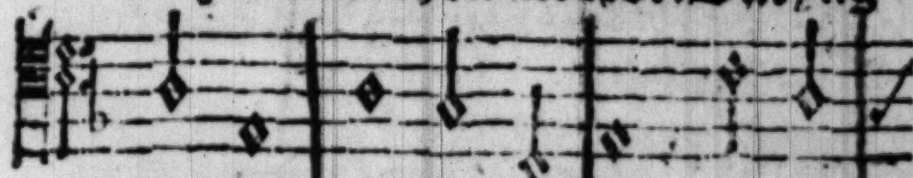
the tyme, I here abyde I wyll



The Lorde to prayse, and magnifye

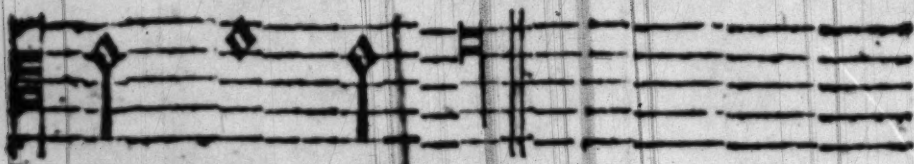


My soule se thou accorde: During

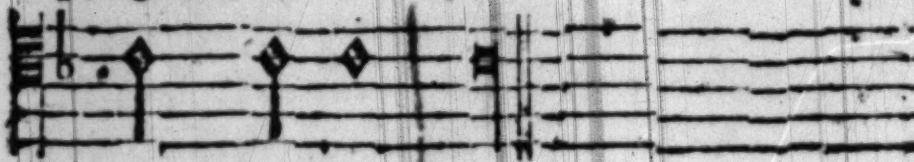


the tyme, I here abyde I wyll

Psalmes of Dauid



praise thee O Lorde.



praise thee O Lorde.

So longe as lyfe, in me shall laste
And eke shall dure my dayes:
Unto the Lorde, I wyl not cease
To synge vnto hym praise.

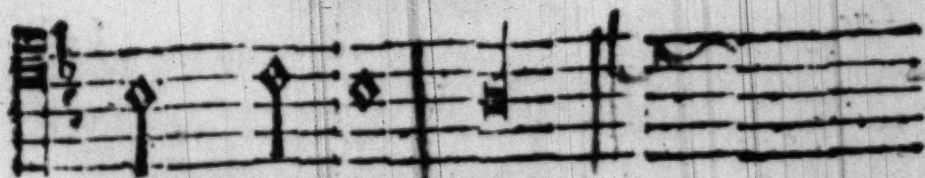
In Princes put, not confydence
Nor in no chyld of man:
For they are voyde, even of all ayde
But the Lorde thee helpe can.

When death shall lyfe, from the body
Dissolue here of eche man:
His thoughts shall peryshe, & he returne
To earth where he began.

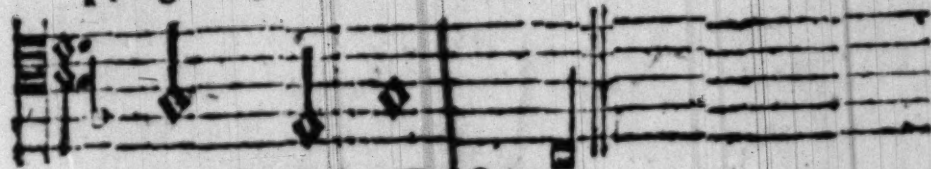
The man is blessed, and happy
Whome Jacobs God doth ayde:
And he whose hope, and confydence
Vpon the Lorde is stayed,

whiche

42
In Metre.



praple thee: O Lorde.



praple thee O Lorde.

Whiche did the heauen, the earth and sea
And all that therein is:
Fashion and make, and doth still kepe
For ever his promise.

Which wil to right, all them restore
That suffer iniurie:
And doth agayne, prouyde to fede
Suche as be hungerye.

The Lorde wil lose, and eke delpue
Suche as in prysen be:
And to the blynde, syght dothe restore
Of them that can not se.

The Lorde dothe helpe, vnto such sende
As fall and go astraye:
As for the iuste, and ryghteous sozt:
He taketh care allwage.

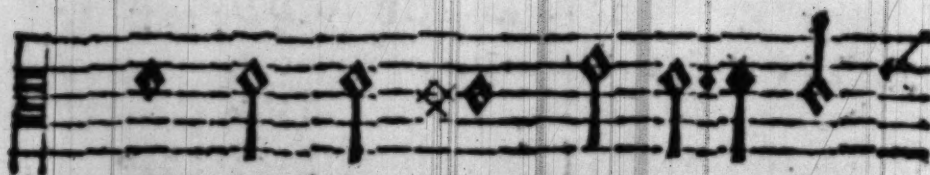
The

Psalmes of Dauid

The Lorde the state, of straungers doth
Regarde and csteame muche:
The wyddowe, and the fatherlesse
Defende he wyl all suche.

As for the wayes, of the wycked
The Lorde full well doth knowes
But he wyl turne, it vple downe
And them cleane ouerthrowe,

The Lorde thy God, O thou shalt



O prayse the Lorde, for it is good



To synge vnto hym prayse: Vnto



O prayse the Lorde, for it is good



To synge vnto hym prayse: Vnto

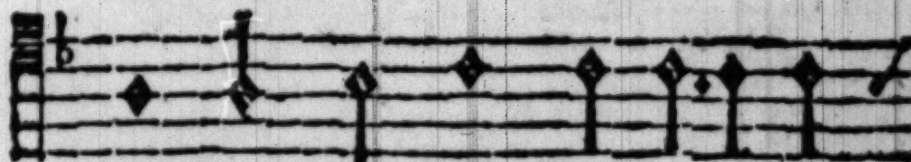
The

In Metre.

Be gyde of all nations:
And shal be kynge for evermore
Therowout all generations.

THE powver of God, here se we may
His vvorks and vvhat they be:
His glorye greate, and vvysedome pure
Hys myght and maiestie.

Psalme C. xlvii.
Laudate Dominum.



O prayse the Lorde, for it is good



To synge vnto hym prayse: Vnto



O prayse the Lorde, for it is good

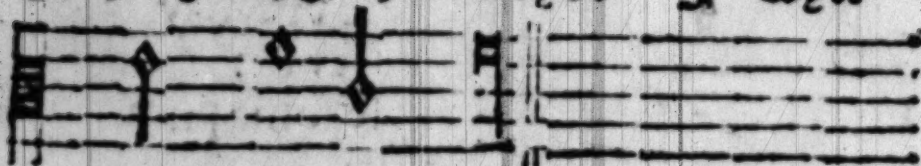


To synge vnto hym prayse: Vnto

Psalmes of Dauid.



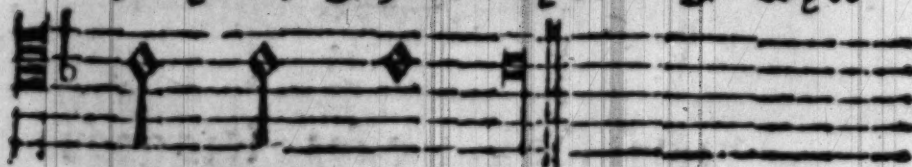
the tyme, I here abyde I wyll



praise thee O Lorde.



the tyme, I here abyde I wyll



praise thee O Lorde.

In the syght of, the Lorde it is
Most pleasaunt and ioyfull:
For all suche gyfts as we receaue
To be for them thankfull.

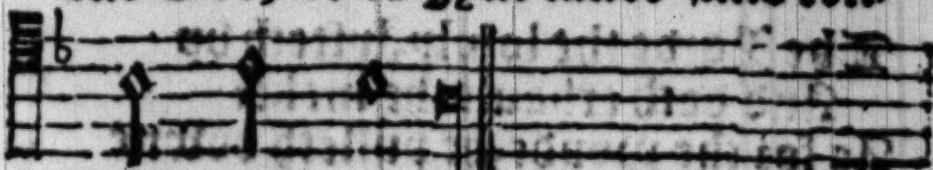
The Lorde of hys, goodnes hath buylte
Agayne Ierusalem:
And the outcasts, of Israell
Together chosen them.

The

44
In Metre.



our God, let vs gyue laude And ren-



der thanks alwayes.



our God, let vs gyue laude And ren-



der thanks alwayes.

The Lorde toyll them, of contrite heartes
And health agayne restorers
For he medcyns, toyll geue to cure,
Their sickness and their sores.

The stars in numbze, he doth knowe
Juste countynge the same:
And at hys pleasure, calleth them
In by their name.

Alas myd: wylk The

Psalmes of Dauid

The maiestie, of thee our God
And thy great power and myghte
Is wonderfull, and all thy works
Thy wysdome infinite.

The Lorde the lowly, lyfteth vp
And doth exhault the meke:
As for the proude, he pulleth downe
And the vngodlye ke.

O syng vnto the Lorde therfore
With laude and thanks geuyng:
Vpon the harpe, vnto our God
To hym let vs prayse syng.

Which doth the heauen, w cloudes route
And by hys power ordayne:
The earthe to serue, when neede requirs
In his due tyme with rayne.

Wherby the grasse, doth grow & spryng
Vpon high mountaynes than:
The earthe it makes, to bringe forth herbs
To serue the vse of man.

Whiche for cattell, fodder prouids
By power celestall:
And the yong Ravens, wthynle doth fede
When they vpon hym call.

The

15
In Metre.

The Lorde takes no pleasure at all
In the strength of an horse:
Neither dellyghts he in mans legs
Nor in hys myght and force.

Suche as do feare, and dzed the Lorde
In those dellyghteth he:
And taketh pleasure, in all them
That trust in hys mercye.

Laud and prayse O, Ierusalem
The Lorde that is on hye:
O Spon se, thou prayse thy God
And do hym magnifye.

For he thy gaets, so sure hath made
And with bars them so bounde:
All the chyldren, he hath blessed
That may in thee be founde.

The whole borders, thowtwe out he doth
With peace indue and blyss:
And with great aboundaunce of wheate
He doth it replenysh.

He sendeth forth, vpon the earth
Hys commaundment to vs:
Hys worde it is, of race so swifte
As cal we may wondrous.

f.ii.

Op

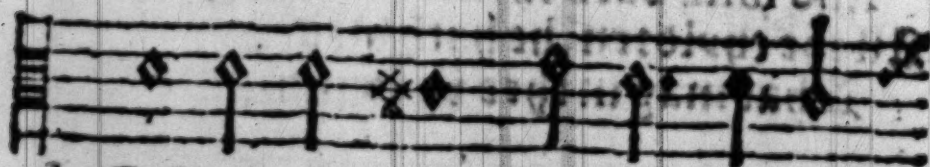
Psalmes of David

By divine powre he geueth snowe
On earth lyke vnto wooll:
And the hoare froste, lyke to ashes
The grounde he scatters full.

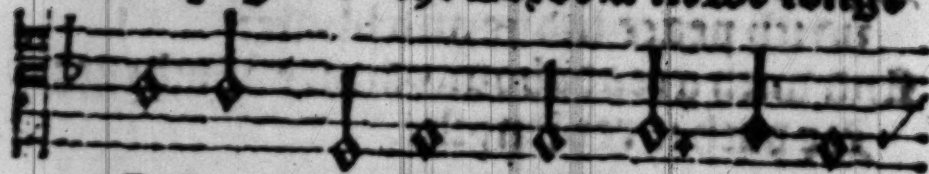
The yse abrode, he doth disperse
In peces to remayne:
Thy frost so colde, who is able
To abyde and sustayne.

When he commaundeth, by his worde
It then dissolues agayne:
And by the powre, euen of his wynde
The waters flowe awayne.

Thys lyuely worde, vnto Jacob



I synge to the Lorde, a newe songe



I synge to the Lorde, a newe songe

In Metre.

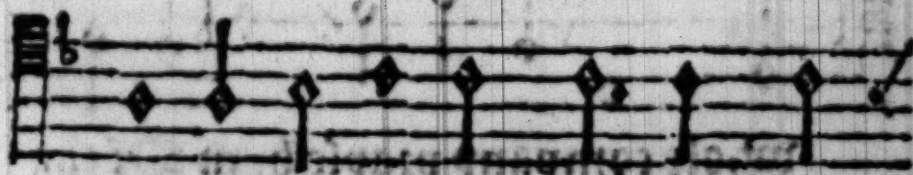
He doeth better and tell:
Hys lawes and hys, ordinaunces
He sheweth Israell.

He hath not so, lovingly dealt
With any other nation:
For in hys lawes, are ignorant
The Heathen congregation.

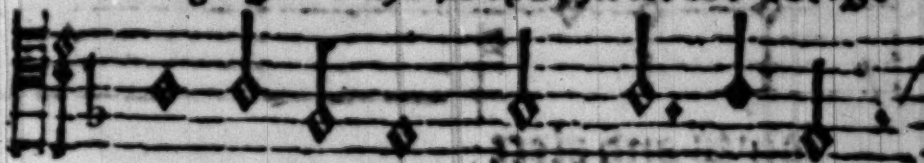
The iust vvith ioye, maye here reioyce
In God vvho doth regarde:
Their lovvly meke and contrite hearts
Full vvell he vvill regarde.

Psalm C.xlix.

Cantate Domino.



Synge to the Lorde, a newe songe



Synge to the Lorde, a newe songe
ff. iii. Thy

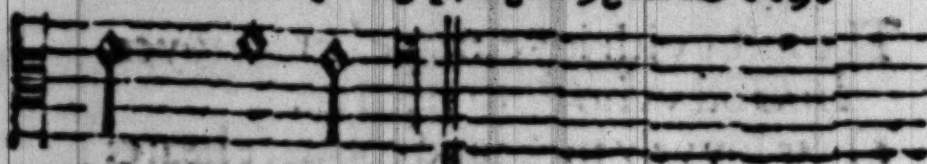
Psalmes of Dauid



Thy voyce to hym direct: Let the



whole company prayse hym Of the



saints and elect.



Thy voyce to hym direct: Let the

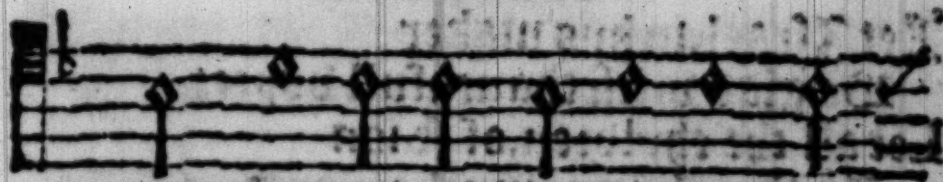


whole company prayse hym Of the

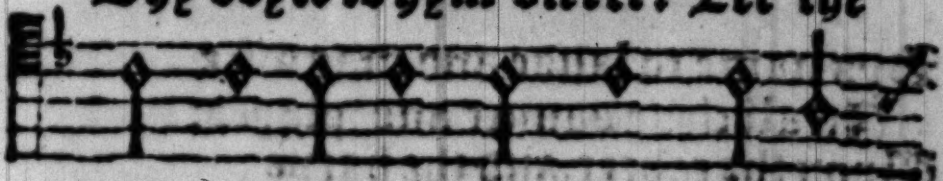


saints and elect.

In Metre.



Thy voyce to hym direct: Let the



whole company, prayse hym Of the



Saintes and electe.



Thy voyce to hym direct: Let the



whole company prayse hym Of the



Saintes and electe.

A.iii.

Let

Psalmes of David

**Let Israel, in hys maker
Be glad with thankfull voyce:
Let all the chyldren, of Sion
In their kynge much reioyce.**

**Hys name to laude and magnifie
In all their daunce and playes:
Vpon the tabzet, and the harpe
Let them synge to hym prayse.**

**Let the sayncts and, all the elect
Reioyce with great glozve:
Let them be ioyfull, and ryght glad
In their beds where they lye.**

**Let all the wyrdes, they shall utter
Sounde to the prayse of God:
And in their hands, a two edge sworde
For the wicked a rod.**

**To be auengd, on the Heathen
That peruerse generation:**

In Metre.

**Dattynge the people, to repzoſe
To ſhame and great beracion.**

**To ſubdue their, kyngs and rulers
And nobles of their lands:
Caſtynge them, in captiuitie
Into ſtronger yzon bandes.**

**That they on them, may be auengd
Euen as it is wytten:
Suche honour haue, all the elect
From the Lorde aboue geuen.**

**The ſure hope, truſte, and confidence
That he had on the Lorde:
Is here expreſt, and manifeſt
As thys Pſalme doth recorde.**

Pſalme. C.xliii.

Iudica me Deus.

f.b.

Psalmes of Dauid



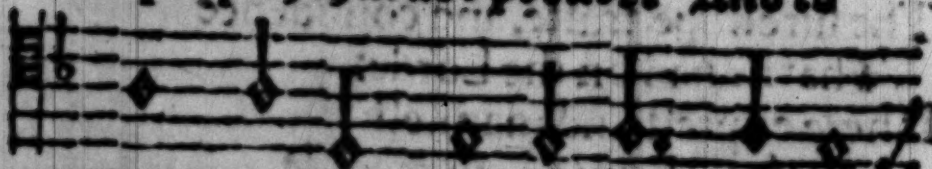
Gyue sentence on, my syde O God



And eke my cause defende: Agaynst



people, that are peruerse And to



Gyue sentence on, my syde O God

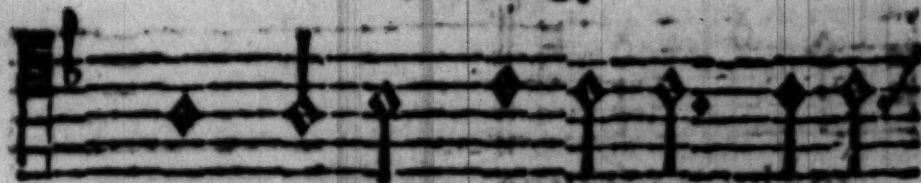


And eke my cause defende: Agaynst



people that are peruerse And to

In Metre.



Gyue sentence on, my syde O God



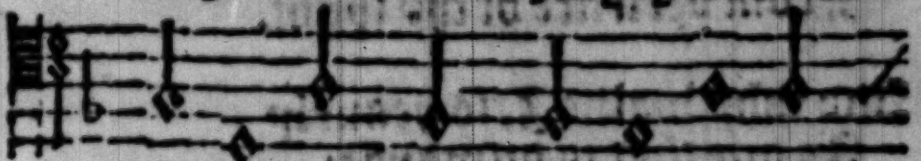
And eke my cause defende: Agaynst



people that are peruert: And to



Gyue sentence on, my syde O God

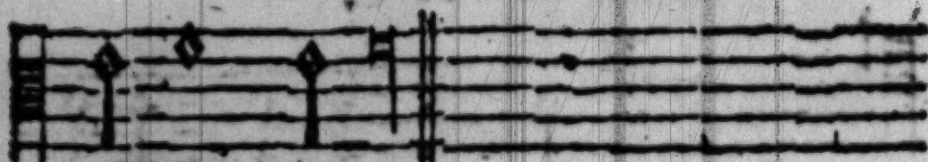


And eke my cause defende: Agaynst

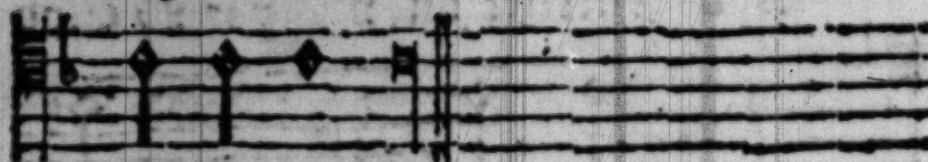


people, that are peruert: And to

Psalmes of Dauid



me hurt intende.



me hurt intende.

Delpyer Lorde, me from the man
whose doynges are vnjust:
whose heart is full, of gyle and craft
In whome there is no trust.

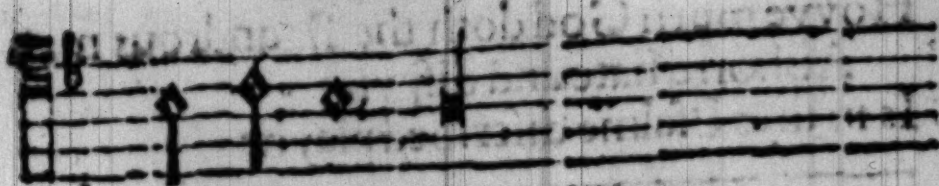
For thou O God, art my defence
My strength, my power and myght:
Why hast thou put, me quite awaye
From presence of thy lyght.

And why walke I, so heauely
As one that is dismayde:
While that myne enemy, bereth me
And makes me sore astrayde.

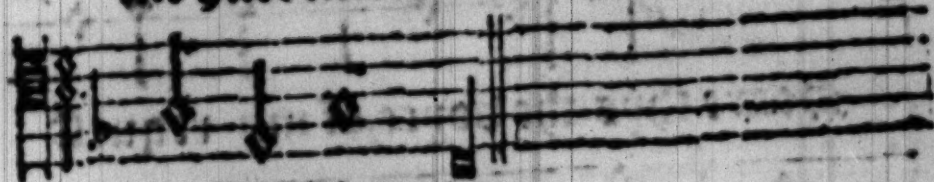
Send forth thy lyght, me for to gyde
And thy truth me to tell:
They shal me leade, vnto the place
Where thou dost byde and dwell.

They

In Metre.



me hurt intende.



me hurt intende.

They shall me straght, and sure conduce
 Unto thy holpe hyl:
 Where I wyl then, remayne and byde
 On thy most blessed wyl.

Then shall I in, thy presence come
 With glad and thankful voyce:
 Of thee my God, that makes my youth
 In thee muche to reioyce.

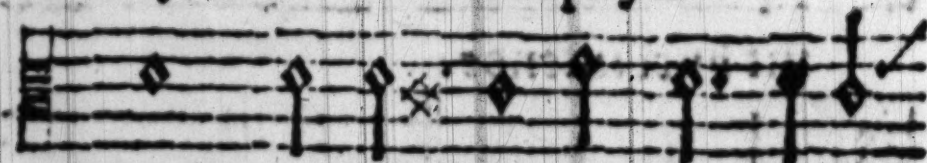
O God vpon, the harpe I shall
 Thee prayse and magnifye:
 Why art thou heauye, O my soule
 And dost thus trouble me.

In God put trust, and confidence
 And geue vnto hym prayse:
 He is my hope, he is my health
 And eke my God Alwayse.

Howe

Psalmes of David

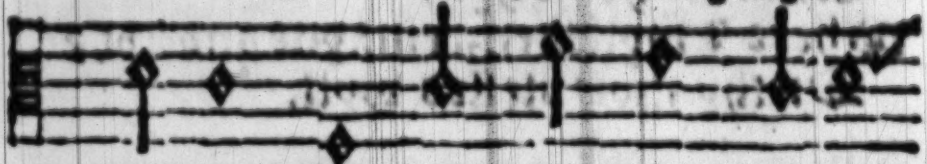
Hovve much God doth the flaundrous man
Abhorre hate and dispyle:
Is in thys Psalm described playne



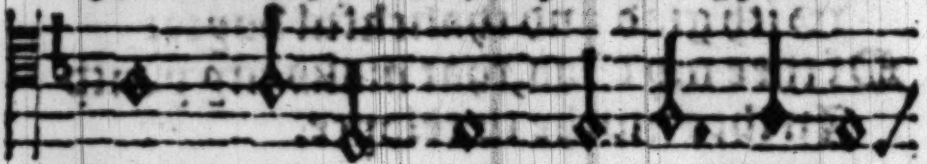
Hear thys the voyce, of my request



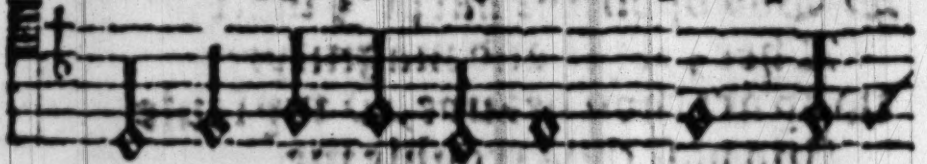
O God I call to thee: My lyfe



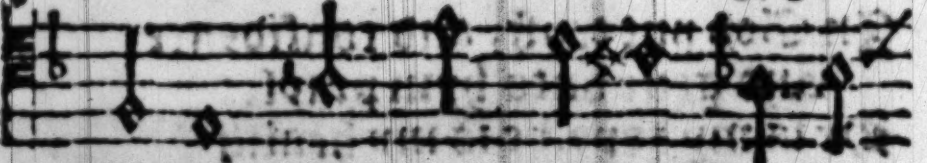
preseerue, thou from the feare Now of



Hear thys the voyce, of my request



O God I call to thee: My lyfe



preseerue, thou from the feare Now of

In Metre.

Euen open to oure eyes.

Psalme. Lxiiij

Exaudi Deus orationem meam.



Hearc thys the voyce, of my request



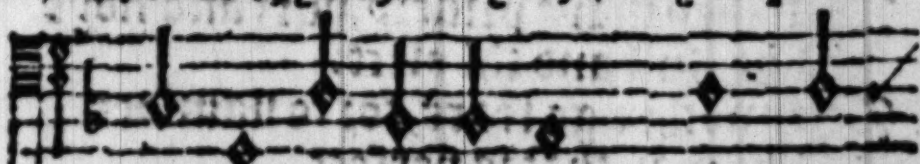
O God I call to thee: My lyfe



preserue, thou from the feare Now of



Hearc thys the voyce, of my request

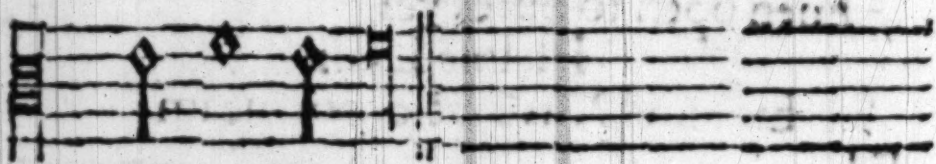


O God I call to thee: My lyfe

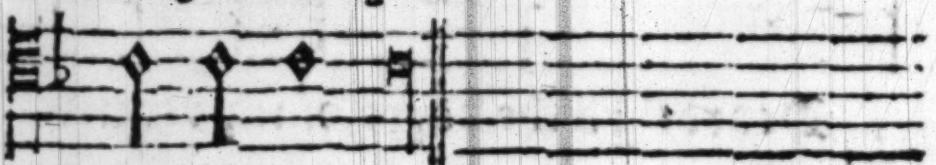


preserue, thou from the feare Now of

Psalmes of Dauid



my ennemye.



my ennemye.

From the assemble, of people yll
Under thy wyngs me hyde:
And from the wayes, of the wycked
Do me defende and gyde.

Their tungs they whet, the sharpe to make
Their poyson out to brynge:
Euen benygne words, they powre forth
That do mooste deadly styng. (stylt)

That they maye pruely, hurt and noye
The Iust and the elect:
They nothyng feare, for to flounder
The man that is perfect.

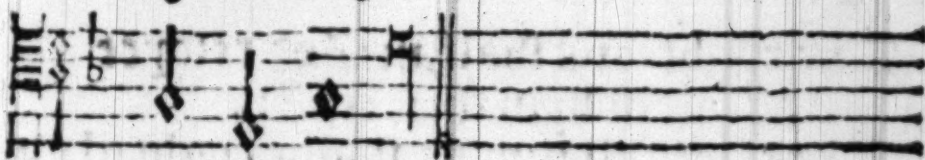
In mischief they, do animate
Them selues all that they maye:
And do consule, amongst them selues
Their snares howe for to laye.

And

In Metre.



my ennemye.



my ennemye.

And bouldly say, eche to other
 No man there is at all:
 That can bewraye, what we wyl do
 So secret worke we shall.

They mischiese in, their hearts ymagen
 And that they put in bre;
 Which they kepe close amonge the selues
 And thynke all safe and sure.

But sodaynlye, God shall start vp
 And thein all strayght confounde:
 With bowe then bent, with arrows prest
 He shall them depelye wounde.

Pea their owne tounge, shalbe the cause
 That they shall fall and lye:
 And all suche as, do them behoulde
 Shal their doynges deryde.

G.i.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And such as shall, then se their fall
weyll saye thys is Gods act:
For they shall playne, perceyue it all
To be hys worke and fact.

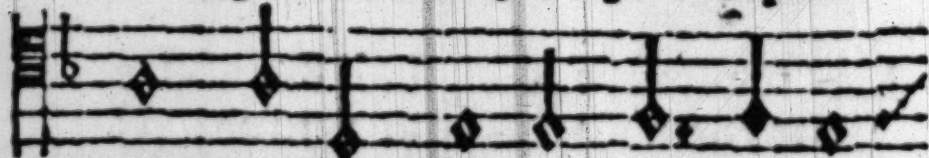
The ryghteous shall, in God reioyce
And put in hym their trust:
The faythfull mynde, shalbe ryght glad
Whose heart is true and iuste.]



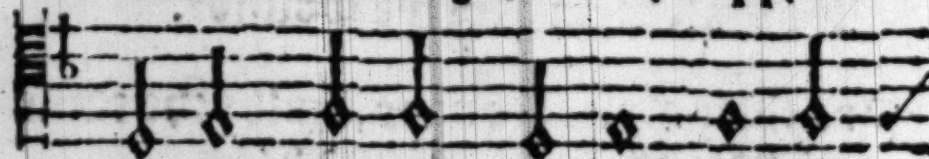
When troubles dyd, me sore oppresse



And my soule was heauye: Vpon



When troubles dyd, me sore oppresse



And my soule was heauye: Vpon

53
In Metre.

THE due revvarde, to lyinge lyps
Is here expressed playne:
V whose tounge do vtter, all disceate
And do but glose and fayne.

Psalme. C.xx.

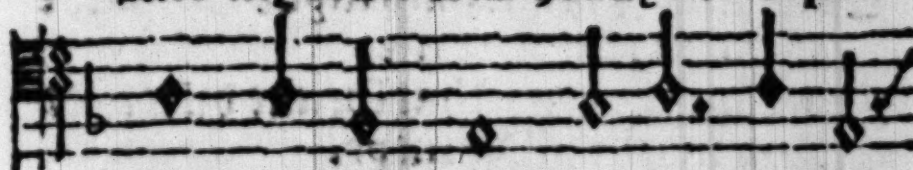
Ad Dominum cum tribularer.



When troubles, dyd me soze oppresse



And my soule was heauye: Upon



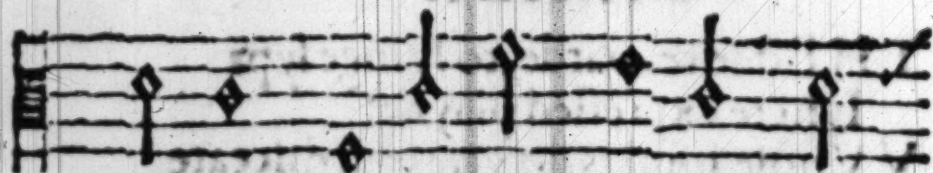
When troubles dyd, me soze oppresse



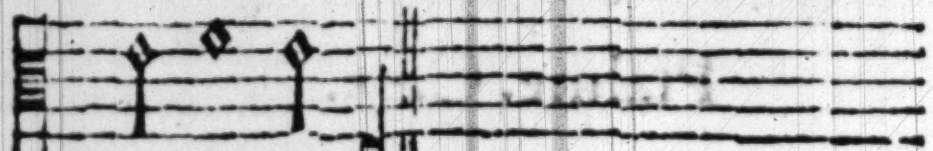
And my soule was heauye: Upon

G. II.

Psalmes of Dauid



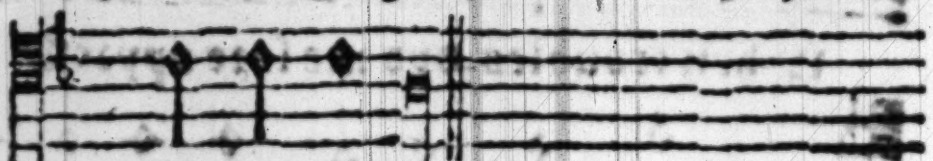
the Lorde, I dyd then cal who hearde



me by and by.



the Lorde, I dyd then call who hearde



me by and by.

To whom I spake, and sayde O Lorde
 Ryd and deliuer me:
 From lyinge lyps, that speake disceayte
 And worke all vanitie.

O thou false tonge, thy due rewarde
 Shalt thou haue for thyne hyre:
 Even perceyng strokes, of Arows heale,
 Whiche hate consumyng speere.

In Metre.



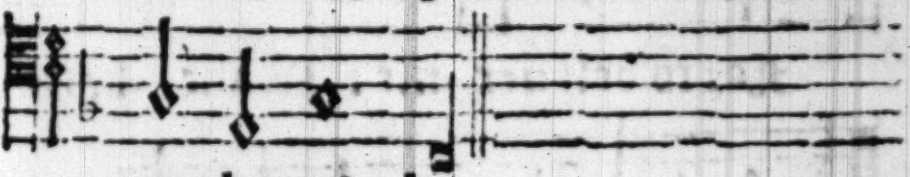
the Lorde, I dyd then call who heard



me by and by.



the Lorde, I dyd then cal who heard



me by and by.

And wo is me, that am constraynd
With Mesech for to hyde:

And in the tentes, of Cedar the
To dwell all my lyfe tyme.

My soule longe tyme, in troubls byd
That I coulde not releace:

Euen amongst such, as loue debate
And are enemies to peace.

G.iii.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And still in peace, I seake to lyue
wherin I most delyghe:
But when I speake, to them therof
They are ready to fyght.

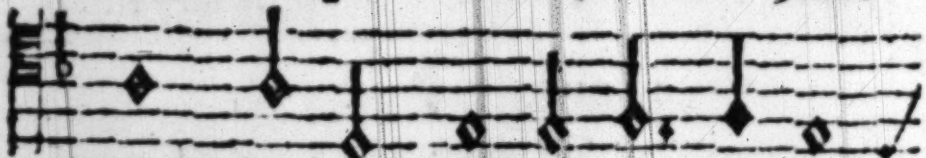
From God all ayde, and helpe vve haue
In our distresse and nede.



Haste thee O God, & make good speede



For to deliuer me: Make haste



Haste thee O God, & make good speede



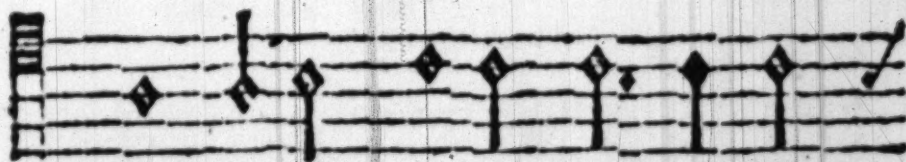
For to deliuer me: Make haste

55
In Metre.

V Which vve must aske, and of hym craue
Not doubtynge for to speede.

Psalme. LXX.

Deus in adiutorium.



Haste thee O God, & make good speede



For to deliuer me: Make haste



Haste thee O God, & make good speede



For to deliuer me: Make haste

G.iii.

But

Psalmes of Dauid



to helpe and me nowe ryd O Lorde



I call to thee.



to helpe, and me nowe ryd O Lorde



I call to thee.

Put to reproche, shame and rebuke
All that me bere and noye:
And such as seke, after my soule
Confounde and them distroye.

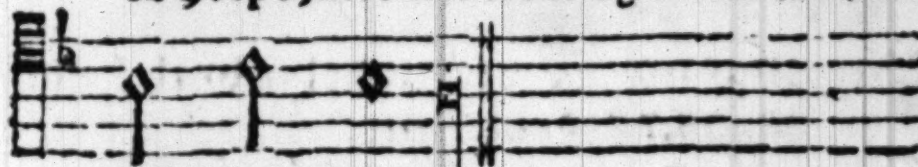
Let them receaue, for their rewarde
Shame that to them is due:
With open mouth, they folowe me
And cryinge me pursue.

And

In Metre.



to helpe, and me now ryd O Lorde



I call to thee.



to helpe, and me now ryd O Lorde



I call to thee.

And suche as vnto, me twishe euill
 Let them be put to flyght:
 That seake the way, me to betraye
 With death confounde them quite.

But let all suche, as thee shall seeke
 Reioyce in thee alwayes:
 That in thy sauyng, health delyghts
 Sayinge to thee be prayse.

G. b.

But

A discription

But as for me, that am but poore
And in great miserie:
Yet I wylt for, ayde to thee call
Lorde haſt thee to helpe me.

How longe not Lorde, but helpe with ſpede
That haſt redeemed me:
In payls grate, I Lorde now ſtand
Unleſſe I helped be.

FINIS.

A DISCRPTION of the lyfe of man, the worlde, and vani- ties therof.

Who on earth iuſtlye, can reioyce
What wyght y beareth breath:
Which diſcended, of Adams lyne
And ſubiect is to death.

Who woulde, thys wicked worlde eſteeme
Do ought therein I ſaye:
Sence that we ſee, all things are vayne
And dayly doe decaye.

The

57
Of Mans lyfe :

The man the beaſt, the fiſhe and foule
A tyme here growe and creafe:
Tyll death with dent, and dart ſhal come
Of lyfe them all releaſe.

What ſhal we count, the lyfe of man
But care and miſerye:
Some tyme in wele, ſome tyme in wo
And aye dꝛeadeth to die.

This bayne and wꝛetched, lyfe to leaue
Why are we then ſo loth:
But that we dout, and deme our dedes
Prouoked haue Gods wꝛoth.

Thus lpyng, alwaye dꝛed we death
And dꝛyng lyfe we dout:
In doutfull ſtate, we ſtande both wayes
Tyll courſe of lyfe be out.

If fortune ſhal, vs ſo ſauoure
To ſet vs in hygh ſtate:
Why then we dꝛed, and feare the fall
And ſtill we blame our fate.

If ryches do, with vs increaſe
Therof we feare the loſſe:
If pouertye, ſhall vs aſſayll
Agayne care doth vs coſſe.

Thus

A discription

Thus are we compass, in with care
Thus tossed to and fro:
As men here boyde, of restyng place
Replete with payne and wo.

Thus maye we se, what thys worlde is
Thys glozpe and hys pryde:
Nothyng at all, but dreaddeth fall
For longe it can not byde.

What thyng so sure, that maye indure
That tyme can it not chaunge:
What is so fayre, but tyme maye payre
And make it seme as straunge.

Behoulde thy selfe, here in thys glasse
Thy shape and fashon iuste:
From whence thou camst, whether thou
And howe thou art but duste. (Thalt

A tyme to lyue, God doth thee gyue
And after for thee call:
Whiche tyme so lent, beyng well spent
The heauens inioye ye shall.

This worldly pompe, this bayne pleasure
It lasteth but a space:
Our eyes to fyll, a tyme it wyll.
And then we must geue place.

Our

58
Of Mans lyfe.

Oure chyldzen shall, vs then succede
Our place for to supplie:
Tyll death dissolue, and then bereue
The lyfe from their bodye.

Thus doth the worlde, both eb and flowe
As commonly doth the tyde:
Rowe vp now downe, now to now fro
For all hys poynte and pryde.

Wehoulde, our forefathers are gone:
The place to vs dyd gyue:
The tyme was come, that Nature set
They coulde no lenger lyue.

Death hath them all, of lyfe bereft
Whose name in booke, are founde:
To oure rebuke, that lyue thys daye
In synne we so abounde.

Let vs so lyue, then well to dye
And dye to lyue agayne:
So shal we chaunge, but Nature's course
And Gods kyngdome attayne.

Thys tyme I can, but much lament
In whych synne so doth rayne:
No trust no truth, in age nor youth
Each man seeks hys owne gayne.

Men

A discription

Men now to get, their mynides set
Not carynge howe it turns:
By hooke or crooke, they do not looke
So they maye gather sums.

But man I saye, thynke on the daye
That thou must all forsake:
When dreadfull death, that stop thy breath
And thy lyfe from thee take.

If greedy men, woulde suffre then
Thys to synke in their brest:
They woulde not moyle, and for that toyle
That shoulde brede their vnrest.

For their chyldzen, their answere is
They landes and goods do git:
And yet often, it is here sene
That they inioye not it.

By fortune it maye so betyde
The goods got by their lyfe:
Within short space, to be consumed
Or els be cause of stryfe.

Wayne is thys muck, that here they seake,
Though happy we them call:
That it inioye, and haue at wyll
For leaue it here they shall.

With

wth d^e
 wth t^e
 To see that
 Such gy

we beas
 And a
 The chy
 Ant

w^{hy} do not we,
 Gods kyngdom
 But it refuse, and t^e
 Thys lyfe transitorie.

w^hiche doth not last, but a
 A lytle space and whyle:
 w^hols doth trust, thys w^h
 It wyl hym sure begi

But wian I saye, seke so
 That byngge wyl th^e
 On earth certayne, all
 And what in thys

Nothyngge on earth
 Gods worde e^t
 w^herof one iot, p^r
 But dure eterna

et
et dicit

... so dicit
... best
... pas to iope
... to r. it.

... honor et gloria.

q. F. S.

legio ad impietatem
in solum.

Portraits of . . . 1883, from
University Library Cambridge
copy on file.